

Plans and reunions

The last thing I wanted to do was to leave Bucky's bed, but I couldn't not check in with Steve he would start to get suspicious. The whole night had spent trying to come up with a plan that I would accept without killing him, which let's be honest wasn't easy. No matter what we did, there was one thing I knew for certain now. Steve had Hyrda's magical book of control. Something that didn't sit right with me. I remembered what he'd told me when I asked about it being taken from the compound not long after we'd left.

My head was laid on Steve's lap as a crappy chick flick played on the TV in the background. Neither of us were watching it, I was lost in my thoughts and Steve was too busy trying not to be obvious that he was watching me.

"Steve?"

"Yeah sweetheart?" He pulled his gaze to me, all sweetness and light as he looked at me.

"What happened to the book? Tony said it was stolen. Did they ever find it?"

His spine stiffened as he let out a long breath. Reaching for the remote he turned the film off, giving me his full attention.

"Listen about that." My stomach dropped as I waited for him to continue. "It wasn't just the book that went missing, Zemo did too."

"WHAT?" I screamed, sitting up to look at him. "Zemo escaped and you didn't think to mention it?" I was beyond angry.

Steve sighed, running his hand through his hair. "I didn't keep it from you deliberately but I know you. You'd want to go after him and while he has that book he's dangerous. You said your code words were in there too."

Even to this day he's unaware that it takes the exact scenario for my code words to work. The only person that knew that information was Bucky and he clearly wasn't going to use them at any point. Zemo stealing the book made zero sense but it was clearly an insurance policy of some kind. I couldn't go storming after him without letting on that I was at no risk from that book.

"Fine, but the day will come where I get a lead on him and you're going to have to let me go."

"I promise."

That was exactly how I knew that the phone call I was about to make was going to go my way. He might want to stop me but after some persuading he'd let me go because he had to play the role of the perfect partner.

The sun was barely rising in the sky as I slipped from Bucky's bed and into the living room. The phone rang for a while to the point I began to worry he wouldn't answer. This whole plan revolved around Steve not knowing that I knew everything.

"Y/N? Are you okay? Where are you?" His groggy voice came through the phone.

"Yeah sorry I didn't come. Work was crazy, I crashed in the office." The practiced lie rolled off my tongue too easily. Never before had I been glad to have a job that required me to work all hours.

"You should've called me, I would've come to help."

Bucky chose that moment to come up behind me, placing kisses along my neck. It was beyond distracting but I wasn't about to tell him to stop.

"Yeah because Captain America in my bar would help slow things down."

Bucky's hands wrapped around my waist, pulling me flush against him. I could feel his hand length pressing against my ass. I wanted to slap him, unsure of how he was even able to think about that after our reunion last night. Every muscle in my body still ached.

"Yeah fair point. Where are you now?"

In your best friends' house waiting for him to fuck my brains out again I wanted to shout it down the phone but for now I had to bite my tongue and stick to what me and Bucky had talked about.

"That's why I'm calling Steve. I'm going to find him."

"Who?"

"Zemo." I rolled my eyes down the phone at him. "You said he took the book right?"

Steve sighed down the phone at me. "Yeah, it had to be him but why now?"

"I told you I'd find him one day and I have a lead. We can't hide forever and that book isn't just a threat to Bucky. You know that." I argued.

Bucky moved round me, gently pushing me backwards until I was sat on the sofa. The look in his eyes was pure mischief and I was not about to stop whatever plans he had.

"Which is why you shouldn't go after him." Steve protested.

Bucky pulled my trousers and pants down and off my legs before spreading my thighs.

"I'll be fine. I'll be home in a few days." I grit out, my attention firmly fixed on Bucky and not the lying asshole on the other end of the phone.

Bucky nipped at my inner thigh as I struggled to hold back a yelp.

"Let me come with you."

I want to cum and you're preventing me getting there.

I all but growled down the phone as I began to get more and more impatient with him. "It's fine. I'll only be a few days." That's if Bucky ever lets me go because I know the look on his face right now.

"He'll lie sweetheart, it's what he does."

Pot-fucking-kettle.

"I can handle Zemo. Look I've got to go, there's a situation I need to deal with. I'll see you soon."

Bucky grinned at my use of the word 'situation'. He kept kissing and nipping around my core, working me up to the point where I wasn't beyond begging him to get on with it.

"Okay sweetheart. Stay safe, I love you."

"Love you too." The words made me feel sick as I hung up. I looked down at Bucky who was practically vibrating with anger.

"Mine." He growled before latching himself onto me.

My head fell back against the cushions as he worked his magic. His skilled tongue alternated between swiping up from my entrance to swirling around my clit. When he pushed three metal fingers inside me I all but fell apart. He sat back on his haunches to watch me.

"Who do you belong to?" He asked, not bothering to hide the jealousy in his voice.

It was misplaced but I answered him anyway. "You. Always."

"Good girl. Now cum over my fingers."

I didn't need telling twice as I fell apart around him while he massaged that perfect spot inside me. Stars scattered across my vision as I clamped down around him.

"Bucky, fuck..."

The flight to Madripoor was never one I enjoyed, even when I flew on a private plane. The stealth jet I had hidden for emergencies made the trip slightly shorter, but I was still in a rush to get there. Why Zemo had chosen such an obvious place to hide was beyond me. If he was on the run then he would be well hidden, unless the Avengers weren't looking for him. Steve was respected enough between them to make that a possibility.

My mind raged as I flew, not three days ago I was ready to try and move on with my life with Steve by my side and now all I wanted was to put a bullet between his eyes.

Landing the jet on an airfield just outside of high town I swiftly paid off a young man to keep it safe while I made a quick visit to an old friend.

The thing about a place like Madripoor is that it never changes, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer but everything else remains just the same. No one pays you any attention if you keep your head down and ignore the crime all around you.

It doesn't take long until I'm walking up to the steps to Zemo's house. With a less than gentle nudge on the door, I break the lock and walk in. Zemo steps out of the bathroom, almost bored to see me barging my way into his house.

"You know for someone on the run, you're surprisingly easy to find." I smile at him.

He smiles back walking over to me. He wraps his arms round me in a way he never has before. "Took you long enough."

I shrug as we pull apart. "I didn't want the others to follow. I had to wait." It was a lie and we both knew it but I didn't want to appear weak in front of someone who only knew me as a badass bitch.

"So why are you here now?"

We headed towards the kitchen, both of us in need of a drink.

"To get the truth." I admitted.

Zemo pulled two glasses out before pouring me a large glass of vodka. Not my drink of choice but I'd happily take it at this point. He passes it to me. We clink our glasses together before I take a large sip, savouring the burn as it glides down my throat.

"You already know the truth. It's why you're here." He smirks smugly.

"Steve let you out didn't he."

He nods in confirmation. "Warned me to stay away or he'd hurt you. He had the book."

"You should've told me Z. I would've believed you."

The anger began simmering again as I realised just how many people Steve had manipulated just to get me alone.

"I know you would've but I had to know you were safe."

The friendship between us was something I had never prepared for, but he understood me in a way that no one else did. He was the one person that would put my needs in front of his own. His acceptance of letting go of his own revenge was proof of that.

"This is such a fucking mess." I sighed, hopping up onto the kitchen counter while I finished my drink, holding out the empty glass for him to refill. "What the hell do we do now?" I asked, wanting him to give me something that was a quicker option to the plan I currently had with Bucky.

"What do you want to do?"

I scooped. "I want to kill him, but that's frowned upon these days." I rolled my eyes. Things were so much easier when I didn't have to consult with others about my plans. "So now I want to rip his world apart like he did mine."

It wasn't just a wish, it was the only thing that was keeping me breathing. My rage would be felt heavily by the one person who would least expect it. If I couldn't kill him, I'd end him in other ways. Ways he would never expect and never recover from.